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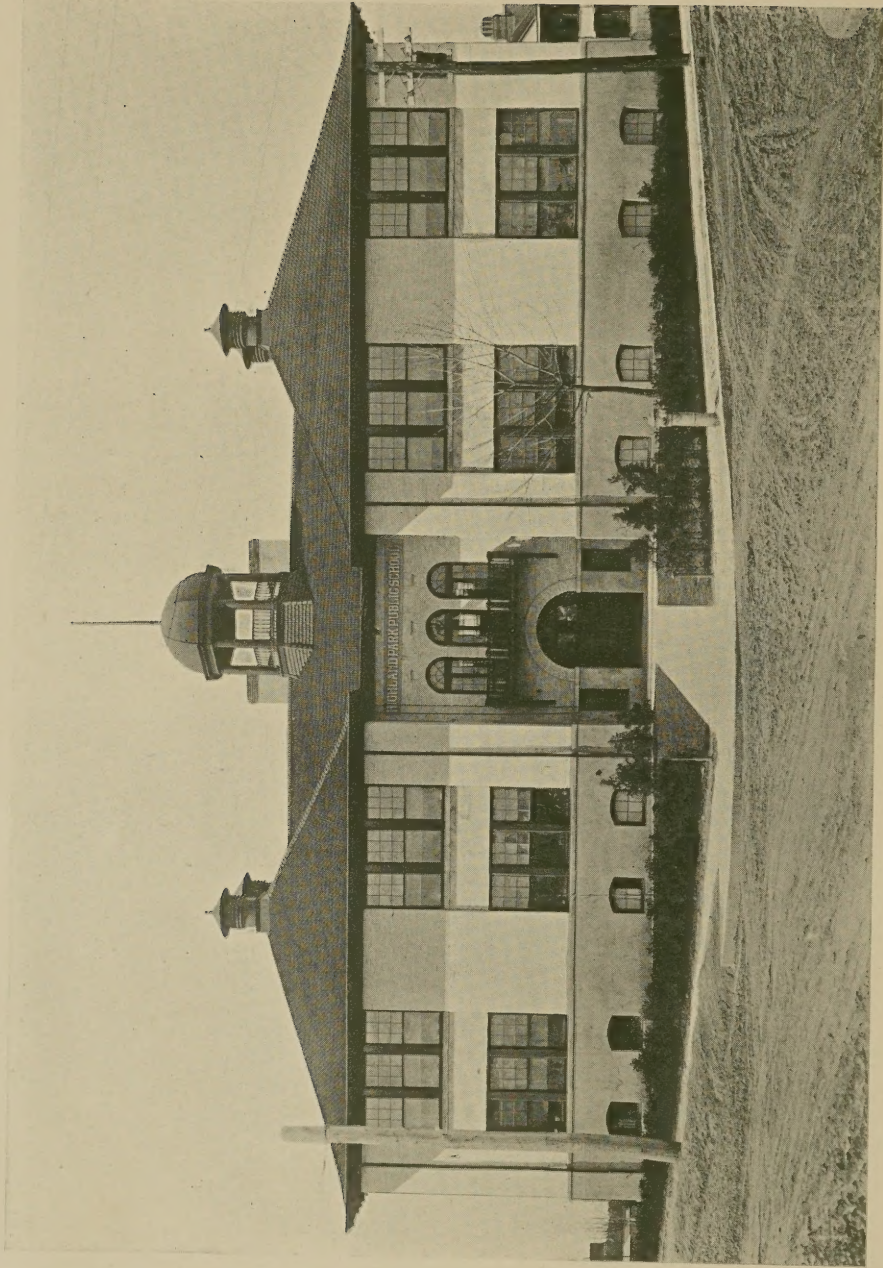
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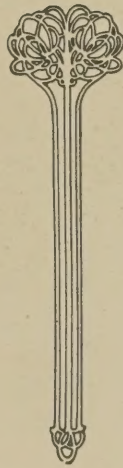






HIGHLAND PARK HIGH SCHOOL

# THE HIGHLANDER



PUBLISHED BY THE  
SENIOR CLASS OF THE HIGHLAND  
PARK HIGH SCHOOL

1914



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1914

## Greeting

We send this, our first attempt, out with a great deal of fear, but also with pleasure. It is to be hoped, kind reader, that you will not be too critical in perusing this book, and that you will derive some pleasure from it. An Annual is supposed to represent the life of the school in its various aspects—judge whether this one has succeeded or not. And so we, the Annual Staff of the Highlander, extend to you our warmest greetings.





As a mark of esteem and appreciation of his interest and untiring efforts in behalf of the pupils of the Highland Park School, in every phase of their school activities, and in preparing this Annual, we, the Editorial Staff of the Highlander, dedicate this, our first volume

to

Mr. Robt. W. Miles, Jr.

22 Aug. 1963 Charles R. Landers. 400



OUR PRINCIPAL  
PROF. PAUL S. GILLIAM





## Faculty

MISS MARY URNER

MISS HARRIET B. SMITH

MR. ROBT. W. MILES, JR.

MR. RALPH W. STONEBURNER



## Annual Staff of The Highlander

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LEO TYSON

*Assistant Business Manager*

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*Jokes and Grinds*

HATTIE HOWELL AND LOUISE GRIGG

*Art Editors*

EMILY BOGGS AND RUTH WYATT

*Sporting Editor*

HAMPDEN WINGFIELD

*Literary Department*

MARGARET HUTCHINSON  
KATIE DAVIS

NORMA PALMORE  
ESTHER WILKINSON

LINDEN HARRISON  
KATIE SIKKELEE





Senior



## EMMA MARGUERITE BAHLKE

*"Linked sweetness long drawn out."*

Basketball Team two years; Captain of Team 1914; Treasurer of Class; Executive Committee of Athletic Association; Care Free Club; Class Prophetess; Assistant Business Manager of Annual.

MARGUERITE'S activities carry her in many directions, and she is uniformly successful in all. You have doubtless heard of the basketball team; allow me to present the captain, a worthy leader of a worthy team, and as an "ad." solicitor she is hard to beat. She certainly knows how to win them; we will put it down to her smile. There is much sorrow over the fact that she is going to leave us after Commencement, but our loss will be other's gain, so we say "*Au revoir* as best we can. Just don't forget us up in 'Baltimore.'"

You have read also that Marguerite is fond of basketball: she has been seen in connection with a different kind of basket—to wit: a basket sleigh.





### KATIE MAY DAVIS

*"Keep the golden mean between saying too much and too little."*

Class Historian; Care Free Club; Literary Society; Annual Staff.

**K**ATIE is frequently seen with a book under her arm. It would be more correct to say that she is infrequently seen without one. But she well knows how to put this to account, and never fails to give a good reckoning for herself. One would hardly say that Katie was given to talking—rather the opposite—but then we know that "still waters run deep." However, when the occasion demands, she can laugh and talk as much as the rest; for instance, when viewing Macbeth from the "peanut." Katie is one of our Romans, and we feel that whether she teaches others about "fides Acates" or not, that she will always live up to that phrase.

"Ave atque vale, Katie."



REBECCA LOUISE GRIGG

*"She is pretty to walk with,  
And pretty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

Basketball Squad; Annual Staff; Care Free Club; Secretary Literary Society.

LOUISE did not start with us in our pursuit of knowledge and that elusive quantity known as a diploma, but she joined us last year in time to become fully acclimated before our Senior year. We have always felt kindly toward Petersburg since they let us have her. She is one of the two who follow "Pius Aeneas," and we admire her perseverance and likewise her geometry record. Louise, however, is not only known for such things, but, being social by nature, is into everything that goes on. We have never been able to tell whether she goes more with Esther or Esther with her, but it sufficeth to say that the "Heavenly Twins" are frequently together.





## HARRIET STEVENS HOWELL

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."*

Basketball Team two years; Captain Basketball Team 1913; Class Secretary; Treasurer Literary Society 1913-'14; Care Free Club; Annual Staff.

HATTIE hails from the land of Jersey skeeters, and we have never been sorry that she chose to spend the winter months with us. To know Hattie is to like her; and a great many people know this energetic young lady. Her talents range from the class-room to the athletic field. It has been rumored that she has an inclination toward the "suffragettes," or, probably, the "gists," but this report has never been substantiated. However, we do know that she is a veritable streak on the basketball field, and has played many a hard fought game. We also may add that revival services have an attractive for Hattie, but about this you had better ask her.



### SARAH JEANETTE QUARLES

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."*

Editor-in-Chief of HIGHLANDER; Vice-President of Class; Chairman Executive Committee Literary Society; Secretary Athletic Association; Care Free Club.

WHEN you see Jeanette look worried, this is the reason: she is trying to fill out the program for Literary Society. Apart from such cares as this, and editing the Annual, she is not given to worry. We should say that Jeanette is our literary light, having on more than one occasion taken off prizes in this line. However, she well knows how to "mix wisdom with mirth," and is always ready for a joke and a laugh. She is one of those indispensable kind of persons, always reliable, and we take occasion to prophesy great things for our Editor-in-Chief. It is not known what she will do when she will no longer have Hattie to tease, but we are not going to prophesy twice in the same article.



### ESTHER VENABLE WILKINSON

*"Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."*

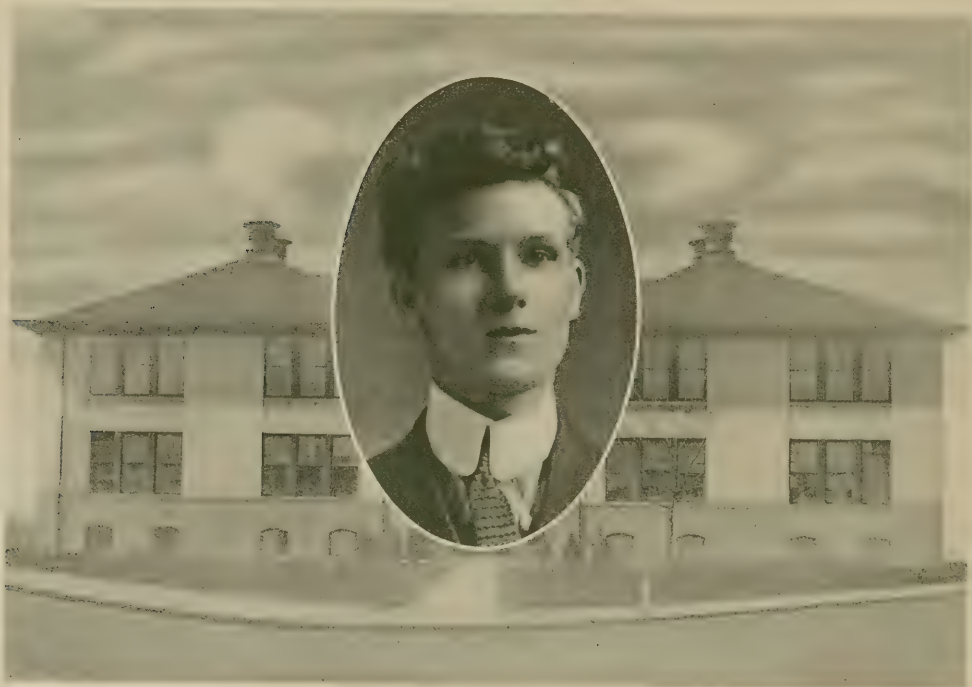
Vice-President Literary Society; Basketball Team; Care Free Club; Annual Staff.

ESTHER has been designated as one of the "Heavenly Twins," and we think the name quite appropriate. She is not very large; in fact, the smallest member of the Class, but rare things come small, you know.

"She's little, but she's wise,  
She's a terror for her size."

Right here it is well to note that she made the basketball team this year, giving this Class three representatives on the school team. Along with her athletic honors, Esther has made quite a record, and will be right among the leaders when the final grades are given. Judging by the past, many bright and successful things lie ahead of Esther, and every one wishes for her the best. If ever in doubt as to the whereabouts of this young lady, we suggest this remedy: ask Louise.





## GEORGE DUNCAN EUBANK

*"I am master of my fate,  
I am captain of my soul."*

President Senior Class; Annual Staff; Basketball Squad.

**B**EHOLD! the one and only: our sole masculine representative. Really George has been surrounded, or, it might be said, girded about by so great a number of ladies that he is a very small minority. A person of unbounded energy and activity, George is bound to mount, and every one wishes him well. At school he has a proclivity for nosing into everything from the library to the chemical lab. Quite famous for many things, one of which it might be well to name: his confectionery gifts before the holidays. His histrionic abilities have also been exercised, and he is certainly "some" Stratford player. George has been going up quite rapidly in the world of late—at the First National Bank.



## Senior Class History

WITH feelings of awe and pleasure, I begin this chronicle of 1914. With awe, because of the magnitude of the task; with pleasure, because it recalls so many pleasant memories. Great nations, as well as great men and women, afford us great histories; in like manner the members of the graduating Class of 1914 feel that they deserve a history. Since it has been the custom from time immemorial for each nation to leave its record, our Class also must leave its record.

Ours is a Class, which at the beginning of High School, sought refuge in our room and engaged in the laborious task of studying. Our Freshman Class, in which we began our much dreaded Latin course, consisted of a very large number. Our Sophomore Class, still large in number, also enlisted in Cæsar's campaigns and learned that "*Omnia Gallia divisa est in tres partes.*"

But as we took another step forward, decreasing greatly in number, we entered our Junior year, which brought forth many other difficulties, such as stumbling over the originals and striking our heads so hard against the sharp angles of geometry, that I wonder that any of us are left to tell the story.

In our last step toward success we entered our Senior year with a Class of six girls and one boy—seven in all. The first question which came before us was to have a Class meeting in order to elect officers. We elected as President our odd one, Mr. George Eubank; as Vice-President, Miss Jeanette Quarles; Secretary, Miss Hattie Howell; Treasurer, Miss Marguerite Bahlke. All the officers were willing to do all they could for the advancement of the Class. But this was only one meeting; there were other questions to be decided: the motto, flower and Class ring. Our motto is, "*Semper paratus*"—always prepared. Our flower is American Beauty, and finally, our ring, which consists of a stone of agate, with H. P. H. S., '14, engraved upon it.

As our Christmas holidays passed very swiftly, examinations with its frights and fears soon fell upon us. We succeeded in passing them, and are now rapidly advancing toward the end.



The road we have come is a hard but pleasant one. This is the moment for the sake of which we have written English papers and spent many nights in study. Yet our Senior year has brought us much friendly feeling for one another that will not pass away. It is probable that some members of our Class will go to college, and others will begin in business and bring honors to our city, each bearing in mind our motto—"Always prepared."

May the memory of our High School days hold us still in a strong bond of unity and helpfulness. Although our tasks have seemed heavy and our days darkened with much labor, we will doubtless in future years talk over these times, not without emotion and with fond recollections of the time spent in Highland Park School.

"How oft we'll see before our eyes your forms successive pass and memories of happening scenes whose curtain falls."

But let us believe with Browning, that "The best is yet to be."







## Senior Class Prophecy

A PARTY of about twenty were on a journey through the Oriental countries. We had planned the trip before the closing of school, and had left a week or two after the grand Commencement. We had an interesting time on the steamer, over and through the different countries, travelling for about two months, meeting with no misfortune until we came to the Sahara desert, when our guide was taken sick. Therefore we had to remain in the same place until some one could go back and get aid.

One day while we were in the desert I journeyed off by myself for a little distance, when, thinking I saw an oasis, I wandered on until I quite forgot myself and did not know where I was. Being all worn out from the walk and the extreme heat, I sat down on the ground, thoroughly discouraged, and wept bitterly. It was then that three old witches came toddling along talking earnestly. When I saw them I became still more frightened, but they comforted me and told me if I would give to each one a piece of my jewelry they would give me anything I wished, since they possessed a magic power enabling them to see into the future. This I did, and then came my wish. I asked them to show me all of my classmates in their future occupation.

One of them took a pinch of magic powder out of a small tin box and put it on the ground, waving her wand over it. Instantly a large blaze sprung up, which seemed to dazzle me for a moment, and looking into the heart of the flames I saw a large school, situated in the best part of the City of New York. Numbers of children were marching into the open door, before which was standing a dignified lady, the Principal of the school, who turned out to be my classmate, Katie Davis. We had expected great things of Katie, but never did we dream that she would rise to such heights.

This picture vanished and another quickly took its place. This time there was a large building, which I entered, and on the door of a large private office I read this sign, "Louise Grigg, Authoress." She had been to several large colleges, where she had developed the literary talent about which we used to marvel in the old High School days.

A second witch then threw a little more powder down, which blazed anew. In a hall about five thousand suffrage advocates were listening to the speaker of the evening. Just as I arrived she was closing her speech, which the house



applauded greatly. As she descended the platform, I recognized my classmate, Hattie Howell.

The next place revealed to my sight was a large conservatory in Germany, where one of the largest concerts ever given was in progress. Glancing at the program, I saw the name of one of my classmates, Fraulein Jeanette Quarles, she was encored again and again, while great bunches of flowers were thrown at her feet.

Having thus discovered the future of most of my classmates, I wondered what time would bring for the "little" girl of the Class of 1914. While visiting one of my friends in a large hospital, the head nurse entered the room. She spoke softly and tenderly to the patient, and it was then that I recognized the voice of my classmate, Esther Wilkinson. She had won the highest esteem of every person in the hospital, and before leaving that day, I heard many comments which proved to me that her loving disposition had endeared her to all with whom she came in contact.

In the days when we were seven in number in our dear old Senior Class, one was a boy, George. What would become of him? The flame at this time had become very faint, but upon looking closely I traced the outlines of a large bridge spanning a deep chasm. On a large iron plate attached to the framework I read the name of the civil engineer, George Eubank. This was his masterpiece, and one of the most wonderful bridges ever constructed. So real did it all become, that I immediately left behind me the three old hags and ran with great speed across what seemed to me the bridge, but in reality was the smooth desert sand. Then looking up, I discovered what was really an oasis, which my friends, in their desperate search for me, had discovered. My friends were pleased to see me, and I told them of my wonderful and interesting adventure of the day, which will always be a pleasure to my mind. I never saw the witches afterwards, but I will never forget their kindness toward me, and I am sure from what they revealed to me that the Class of 1914 has a brilliant career before it.

On serving as substitute prophetess, I have the pleasurable duty of prophesying concerning Marguerite. In my mind's eye, several years from now, I see a hotly contested basketball game at college. The captain of the victorious team was no other than my old friend, Marguerite. She was foremost in college athletics, as she had been in High School. Later on in life I again see her a highly respected and honored member of her community. She took the lead in such matters as public playgrounds and recreation centers. I visited in her home, and found that she was a charming hostess, just as she had been in her younger days.



## “We Are Seven”

Of the mighty Seniors,  
That surely feet their worth,  
I humbly write these memoirs,  
Though they scarcely touch the earth.

I met a '14 girl of Highland Park,  
Her age I was afraid to ask, you see,  
But she was fair and set a mark  
That only a Senior could possibly be.

She had a kindly, pleasant air,  
And she was very wise;  
She had an air, and she was fair,  
The vision pleased my eyes.

“Friends and classmates, fair maid,  
How many may you be?”  
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,  
And kindly looked at me.

“And who are they, I pray you tell.”  
She answered, “Seven are we;  
And six of us are girls; and well,  
The seventh a boy, is he.”

Of Marguerite, and it were meet,  
Fair wondrous things I'd tell:  
In basketball she's hard to beat,  
And she's also quite a belle.

Katie May is quiet and also kind,  
She studies hard and gets good marks;  
A better Senior you ne'er could find,  
No, not in all of Highland Park.

“The Heavenly Twins,” I next bespeak,  
“It is quite meet, them thus to greet,  
For Esther and Louise in any weather,  
Are seldom seen, unless together.

The next in step, our suffragette,  
Who anon will wander to the polls;  
And Hattie is known as the one best bet,  
When it comes to shooting goals.

Jeanette, our Editor-in-Chief, we greet;  
And if the Annual pleases you;  
It is only fitting and duly meet,  
To her you give the praises due.

“You say that six are girls,” I asked,  
“And you have named them o'er,  
But there are seven in your Class,  
At least, there is one more.”

“Yes, George of ours, I haven't forgot,  
Though we haven't decided yet by lot,  
Whether he shall be a Stratford player,  
Or else in time become the Mayor.

But we must leave, o'er this we grieve,  
The years that have passed since '11  
Have been full of joy, and work and bliss,  
Tho' fellow classmates we have missed,  
And now we are only 7.





## Last Will and Testament

Having come to the place where we shuck off this mortal coil (High School days), we feel it necessary to leave a few mementoes, et cetera, behind us. Therefore, with calm deliberation and clear minds, we respectfully will as follows:

Our room, with all its parts so dear,  
We will and leave to the following year,  
Tho' we trust that all the knocks and pounds,  
And all other kinds of obnoxious sounds  
Will be where such things are generally found.

Our mirror we will place in a convenient Spott,  
And lithia water, too, tho' we ne'er drink a drop;  
Our books and our pictures, our pennant and desks,  
And last, but not least, our Senior year tests,  
We will and do leave in our Senior bequests.

If we had time and more space,  
And the reader more grace,  
We could drag this out to great length;  
But listen, kind friend, for I'll whisper real soft,  
"That in leaving other things, we know how to leave off."



**Junior**



## Junior Class

### OFFICERS

HAMPDEN WINGFIELD.....	<i>President</i>
MARGARET HUTCHINSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH WYATT.....	<i>Secretary</i>
BESSIE CROSS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
LINDEN HARRISON.....	<i>Class Historian</i>
LEO TYSON.....	<i>Class Poet</i>

### MEMBERS

ELIZABETH SPOTTS	EULA GARY
RUTH HUDSON	CALEB DODSWORTH
BLANCHE BURNETTE	BERNARD CHEATHAM
HAROLD RATCLIFFE	





## Junior Class History

THE present third year Class of Highland Park High School entered it in September, 1911. We were by far the largest Class in the High School, as all first year classes have a habit of being. Our reputation was fair as far as behavior was concerned, though it suffered somewhat after a few months.

At first all seemed strange to us. The changing of teachers for each subject worried us greatly. Just when we were getting used to one teacher, the bell would ring and another would enter. While we were understanding our Latin after forty minutes of fervid explanation, we would have to start on a new subject. It seemed that we would never get used to it.

One other thing, too, caused us much trouble. When we had a test, some few would get through in the forty minutes we had, but others would be only half done. I was always one of these latter ones, and some still have the same trouble.

We soon became accustomed, in some measure, to the constant changing of periods. But one thing we never got over: In English we always waxed hilarious. Many funny things happened, though they would seem rather foolish now. One incident will remind many of those in the room of the things we used to do—that of the trash basket. But I think I have said enough.

In studies we reversed the usual procedure by starting good and ending bad. We set out like we were going to show the others what we could do, but toward the end of the session our averages fell. This was due to an epidemic which swept the town, and school was closed for a time. This happened at Fair time. We did not want the epidemic, but we were glad it came when it did, instead of at some other time, such as July.

But most of us passed our examinations and left but few behind to join the new first year Class of 1912. But a number left us at the end of the year to go to work, so when we reassembled in 1912, our Class was much diminished.

We were sorry to lose Misses Howerton and Cleaton, but were glad to know that Misses Smith and Urner would remain. These ladies have taught us so well



that we think that it would be hard to find two better teachers. In place of our two lady teachers we were given two gentlemen—Messrs. Miles and Stoneburner. We have never regretted their coming.

During the 1912-'13 session two new boys joined our Class—one a country gentleman, Mr. Harold Ratcliffe, and the other from the wilds of Charlottesville, Mr. Hampden Wingfield. As Hampden returned this year, we assume that Highland Park is the superior of Charlottesville. Miss Hutchinson also joined our Class.

We soon formed the Yiddish Club, which was for boys only. 'All six of the boys in our room proved to be eligible. The members were: Slatenstein (Leo Tyson, because of his thinness); Beardenbloom (Harold Ratcliffe, on account of his thick mustache); Lovenstein (Bernard Cheatham, our lady killer); Feutenheimer (Hampden Wingfield, because he wears a number seven and a half shoe); Rubenstein (Caleb Dodsworth, a country Ike); and Cohen (Linden Harrison—I cannot see why). We go largely by our Club names.

We had a good time this year and did everything whole heartedly. Three of our girls played on the basketball team, and three of the boys played on the baseball team. Leo Tyson, our chief athlete, won the all-round championship medal of the county. So you see that we can do things.

In our studies we did well also, and made up for the first year. But probably we were not as well behaved as we should have been. For one day our English teacher came in and looked at his desk. Then he picked up a piece of paper and read: "For Mr. Miles." He then picked up a lemon. A certain young lady turned quite red, when he said: "Thank you, Miss ———." So you see that girls are as bad as boys.

Our year ended with nearly all passing our examinations. So when we reassembled in 1913 for our Junior year, our Class was but little smaller than the year before. We were soon gladdened by the arrival of Hampden "Feets" Wingfield from Charlottesville. He brought his big feet with him, grown still bigger. Another thing that we were glad to notice was that Mr. Cheatham had removed from his face such hairs as tend to make a mustache. He looked a lot cleaner.

Soon an improvement was noticed in our studies. We did what our first year seemed to promise 'in the beginning, and our marks averaged around 90 per cent.



In athletics we still lead. Three girls still play on the basketball team, and three boys play on the boys' basketball team. We still have some baseball material left.

Love matches have played quite a prominent part in our Class this year. One young man set out to catch a girl for every boy but for himself. But a sad, sad event happened, and a certain young lady captured his heart. Since that day he has desisted from such foolishness as love making.

All of us, much to our surprise, passed the examinations which the teachers seemed to have sat up nights preparing, and have entered the last semester with a clean slate. We have fair hopes of passing the finals.

Before closing, I wish to mention some of the celebrities of our Class. Leo Tyson, the big eater and great athlete, is as famous as any. Hampden Wingfield is noted for his laziness. He says he is lazy because of the effort it takes to move his big feet about. Bernard Cheatham is very handsome and has broken the heart of many fair ones. Harold Ratcliffe and Caleb Dodsworth are very famous rubes. Linden Harrison has a small place among the great as "Cohen, the genuine Jew."

The famous ladies are numerous. From the standpoint of the boys, the most famous are Misses Cross, Wyatt, and Hudson, who provide the candy for the "feeds." Three are noted for their quiet and dignified manner, they are Misses Gary, Burnett, and Elizabeth Spotts. Miss Nancy Spotts, who studies English with us, is just the opposite of her sister. She is one eternal giggle. Miss Hutchinson is the star to which we hope to set our marks. Some of us rather often fail to do so.

So we are full of fun, hard workers in our studies and athletics, and, even if we do say so, bid fair to finish our school life with high honors. So here's to the Third Year Class of 1913-'14!



## Wanted—Copy

We do some things for fame and glory,  
Battle hard and get all gory ;  
At other times we work for “ mon,”  
And then again we play for fun.

But the only excuse for this you see,  
Is, that the editor came to me ;  
And said, Please, will you, with best grace,  
Scribble a little to fill some space ?



**Sophomore**



## Sophomore Class

### OFFICERS

LOIS YARBROUGH.....	<i>President</i>
EVELYN DILLARD.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
SIMON LAWRENCE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
LUCY EUBANK.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

HARVEY DEVINE	NANCY SPOTTS
LOUIS SCHWEICKERT	EVELYN DILLARD
SIMON LAWRENCE	MARTHA LYNE
ALLIE MAE LYNE	LUCILE REDWOOD
LUCY EUBANK	EMILY BOGGS
MAMIE FLEMING	RUTH HOLT
VICTORIA HOLLADAY	NORMA PALMORE
MARGARET PHILLIPS	LOTINE WHITLOCK

LOIS YARBROUGH





## Sophomore Class History

**I**T WOULD be a task indeed to make an adequate record of the Class of 1916. However, we approach the task with resolution, despite the fact that we feel incompetent to do it justice. We feel proud to belong to the present Sophomore Class, and, kind reader, if you will follow us, the humble historian will endeavor to chronicle a few events.

At the beginning of High School life we sought quietude and engaged in the laborious task of studying our new lessons. We had so many ups and downs with Latin, that it is a wonder that any of us are left to tell the tale. It was during our first year in High School that so much excitement was caused by three men coming upon our horizon—one as Principal, and two as teachers. We had been always used to ladies, so no wonder we were excited.

Our Freshman year began as if it was going to be very quiet and uneventful; but it soon proved otherwise. Our real work began when we started to prepare exhibits for the School Fair, which was to be held at Ginter Park; but we felt proud of ourselves when we saw the number of honors we were winning.

The Christmas holidays soon came, and after a few jolly days, we were back at school, ready for hard work. Examinations soon confronted us, and after they were successfully passed, we became ourselves again. We were determined to make our Class one of the best in the school, and we hope that we have succeeded.

After much grumbling on our part, we assembled, September 16th, to see what Dame Fortune would bring to us in our Sophomore year. And, lo! and behold! we had only three boys. Although we missed the others, we succeeded in getting on very well with those that were left. All of us have learned to like science this year; not only have we been seeking all kinds of bugs and studying their anatomy, but we have studied human physiology, using human bones for experiments, and we will never forget "man's usefulness ends not in death."

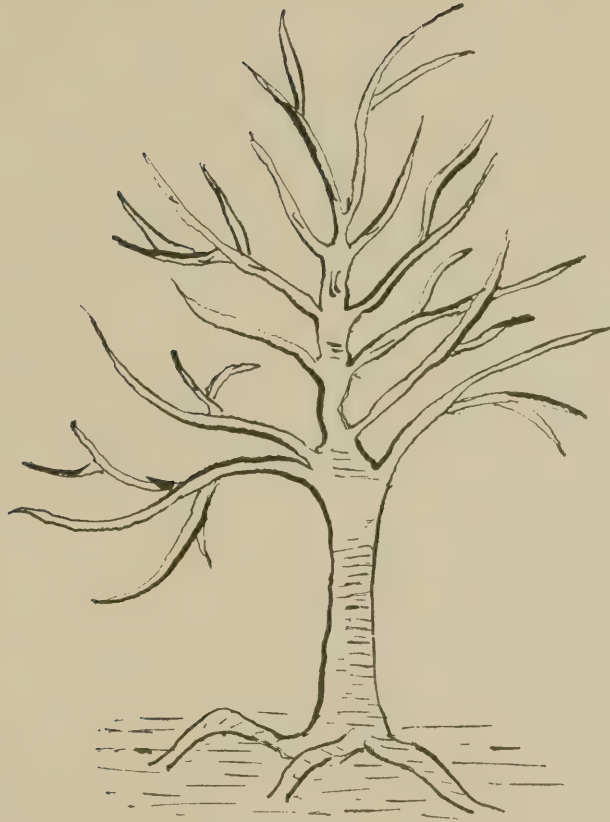
We have been well represented in athletics, furnishing members to the various teams, and their victories have been partly due to the fine work of our representatives.

During our session which is so nearly past, we have been more closely drawn together, and under the guidance of our faithful teachers we hope some day to make our mark.

## Our Lawn Party

In the merry month of May  
On the night of the fifteenth day,  
We tried to raise some money,  
Because it would have been funny  
If a friend of ours had had to pay,  
Some of his hard earned money  
For this Annual.

You may bet your bottom jit  
We raised the whole of it.  
And now this friend to us,  
Will not go on a bust ;  
But will live in peace and quiet  
Altho' he had to buy it.



**Freshman**





## Freshman Class

### OFFICERS

WILLIE TILLER.....*President*  
 ELSIE STOVALL.....*Vice-President*  
 RAY DOUBLES.....*Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

HAROLD REDWOOD  
 JOHN TAYLOR  
 THRUDESTON TALLEY  
 ROBERT MORTON  
 WILLIE CARTER  
 HARMON PUGH  
 JAMES HARRIS  
 PAUL EUBANK  
 OLLIE DEVINE  
 SUSIE WILLIAMS

MARY COLLINS  
 LOUISE STEINBACH  
 RUTH DILLARD  
 ISABELLE THOMAS  
 NOVELLA HAWKES  
 LOUISE LYZOTTE  
 ELITHE TANNER  
 ROSA HUDSON  
 ANNIE LEE ROWE  
 KATIE SIKKELEE

THELMA ROGERS



## Freshman Class History

**A** FRESHMAN history is usually a short one, and you will hardly call this a long article. We haven't been together quite a year, and although a great many things have happened to us, yet in comparison to the other classes, they are few in number. However, we have had an interesting, and, we hope, instructive time since last September. As far as numbers are concerned, we are the largest; and I am afraid in respect to noise, we are the noisest.

We became accustomed to our new surroundings rather rapidly, although Bill Carter would persist in standing up to recite. Then the troubles of a Freshman life—such as algebra and Latin—overtook us, and we have had them ever since. As far as studying is concerned, we may put it this way: some study hard, some less hard, and, sad to say, some not at all. The reports show marks: some very good, some good, and some bad. After the finals in spring, our hope is that everybody will have passed.

In athletics we had a representative on the boys' basketball team, and several girls on the girls' squad, although none of our Class made the team. We had a great many scouts who participated in athletics, representing the various teams of that organization.

To go into detail about all the members of our Class would be an endless task. However, we have some celebrities in our midst, and if you look in the statistics you will see 1917 well represented.

If some could answer questions as well as ask them, they would be wonderful pupils. Apart from numerous questions, grumbling at times, eating on all occasions, playing when possible, and a few other minor things, we lead a quiet and peaceful life. I almost forgot to add that our banner has caused much envy from the other classes in school.

We hope that this hasn't tired you. In closing we say, keep your eyes on 1917, and possibly you may see great things.

## School Calendar



*Sept. 15th*—Ye glorious summer holidays being over, we return to school.

*Sept. 16th*—That old familiar feeling returns and everybody settles down.

*Sept. 17th*—"Parlez-vous Francais?" The Seniors start to, under the direction of Mademoiselle Urner.

*Oct. 6th*—Seniors emigrate, bag and baggage, into the domain of Mr. Gilliam.

*Oct. 31st*—We celebrate Hallowe'en in usual style.

*Nov. 6th*—Girls start basketball season. Oh, you Chimborazo!

*Nov. 13th*—We travel to Highland Springs. Excuse me, next.

*Nov. 15th*—A little trip to Chester. "Vicky" almost gave us heart failure, while Janie enjoyed life hugely. Again we won.

*Nov. 24th*—Girls entertain Petersburg to tune of 35 to 1.

*Nov. 25th*—Boys take Barton Heights into camp.

*Nov. 26th*—Thanksgiving. Many "eats" and much pleasure.

*Nov. through March*—Girls win games in most approved style. Boys likewise do well.

*Dec. 5th*—Christmas only twenty days off.

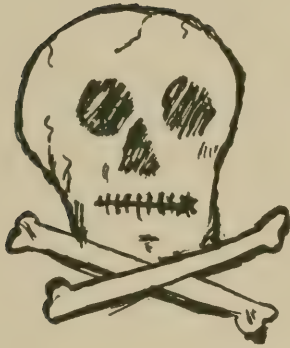
*Dec. 21st*—Hattie receives box of candy.

*Dec. 23rd*—George blows himself. Some "candy kid." Holidays start.

*Jan. 5th*—Yet once more we return. Seniors for the last time.

*Jan. 8th*—Start on hunt for ads.





Jan. 10th—Leo writes a poem. Ask Linden for details.

Jan. 26th—"Me miserum." Exams. start.

Jan. 27th—Exams. continue.

Jan. 30th—Exams. finished, so are we.

Feb. 7th—Mr. Miles visits Dr. Noah. Marguerite and Jeanette go with him.

Feb. 14th—Big snow. Girls start on march to championship.

March 1st—Teachers inaugurate private dining-room. Meals served either *a la carte* or *a la Campbells*.

March 5th—Weeping Willow Club formed.

March 15th—Statistics taken. The winner of "slang" ruled out as a professional.

March 16th—"Feets" and "Shorty" bum an apple.

March 17th—Yiddish Club formed.

March 23rd—Big debate in Literary Society.

March 20th—Seniors have pictures taken. Foster is safe as he was heavily insured.

March 24th—Dr. Stoneburner brings over a few bones.

March 25th—Nancy laughs again in English class.

March 31st—Juniors and Seniors take English teacher to see Hamlet. He sees other things as well.

April 1st—All Fools Day. Seniors view Macbeth from the "peanut."

April 2nd—Faculty have their pictures taken. You have doubtless seen it.

April 3rd—Fresh. get their banner, causing heated discussion. School has pictures taken. Some teachers become gray-headed.

April 7th—Calendar Committee resigns and throws up its job.



## Famous Quotations

"Silence is golden."—*Eula Gary.*

"He coulde songes make."—*Leo Tyson.*

"I will walk with you { *Allie Mae Lyne.*  
I will talk with you." { *Lucile Redwood.*

"I will sit in mine inn and take mine ease."—*Louie Schweickert.*

"A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and well shot off."—*Willie Tiller.*

"The glass of fashion."—*Nancy Spotts.*

"They rave, recite, and madden thru' the land."—*Milton Classes*

"A very valiant trencher-man."—*Hampden Wingfield.*

"When a lady's in the case,  
You know all things else give place."—*Bernard Cheatham.*

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."—*Hattie Howell.*

## The Reason Why

I thought I'd write a poem, and one for the Annual at that,  
So I got a pen and paper—in a rocking chair I sat,  
And I wrote one line and pondered but I couldn't think at all,  
For my friend Esther was a-eating of a lucious popcorn ball.  
And I simply had to help her. I's afraid that she'd get sick.  
Now that sounds just real solicitous, but I didn't care a lick,  
Whether she got sock or didn't, but I simply couldn't see  
All that lovely popcorn swallowed without some help from me.  
And the next time—but, good gracious how unlucky, then am I,  
For I've used 'up all my paper and my fountain pen is dry.



## Jokes

Miss Urner (referring to a vinculum)—“James, what is this?”  
“Doc” Harris—“That is an agriculum.”

---

Expressions of famous men—Harmon Pugh always says “Nosiree.”

---

When moved to the front of the room, Bob Morton said that he was far-sighted. We think the teacher was.

---

Miss Smith (to Bill Tiller, whose mouth was full of candy)—“Willie, put it down.”

“I am, as fast as I can,” said Bill.

---

Third year History—Linden looking for history on the floor behind him.  
Mr. Miles—“Linden, like all history, it lies behind you.”

---

Katie May classed “ladies” as an abstract noun. Some are rather hard to define.

---

Esther pronounces Xmas as follows: X—mas.

---

Following heard in English classes: “If the Lady of the Lake should fall into the lake, what would Rhoderick Dhu?”

---

“If Lady Rowena should plant a tree would Ivanhoe?”

---

If Macbeth did murder most foul, would William Tell?

---

May your vacation be “As You Like It,” and not a “Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

---

If Addison gambles, will Richard Steele?



LITERARY SOCIETY





# Literary Society

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LINDEN HARRISON.....	<i>President</i>
ESTHER WILKINSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET HUTCHISON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
NORMA PALMORE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
LEO TYSON.....	<i>Critic</i>

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

JEANETTE QUARLES, *Chairman*

HAMPDEN WINGFIELD    SIMON LAWRENCE    RUTH DILLARD

## MEMBERS

BERNARD CHEATHAM  
WILLIE CARTER  
CALEB DODSWORTH  
WILLIE TILLER  
RAY DOUBLES  
OLLIE DEVINE  
LEO TYSON  
LINDEN HARRISON  
HAMPDEN WINGFIELD  
HAROLD REDWOOD  
HARMON PUGH  
ROBERT MORTON  
PAUL EUBANK  
HARVEY DEVINE  
JOHN TAYLOR  
JAMES HARRIS  
HAROLD RATCLIFFE  
LOUIS SCHWEICKERT  
SIMON LAWRENCE  
THURSTON TALLEY  
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NANCY SPOTTS  
LOIS YARBROUGH  
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RUTH HOLT  
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MARY COLLINS  
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RUTH WYATT  
EULA GARY  
BESSIE CROSS  
ELIZABETH SPOTTS  
MARGARET PHILLIPS  
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ELSIE STOVALL  
SUSIE WILLIAMS  
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ESTHER WILKINSON  
MARGARET HUTCHISON  
KATIE DAVIS  
MARGUERITE BAHLKE  
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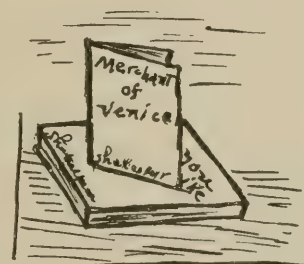


## Faculty

Four teachers we have, all handsome and gay,  
In matters of importance they hold full sway.  
They always look happy, with a face full of smiles,  
But a frown sometimes adorns the face of Mr. Miles.  
Mr. Stoneburner, who teaches us Physics each day,  
Gives his experiments in a way that will stay (in the noddle)  
The remaining two teachers are of the fair sex,  
Who teach us the two hardest texts.  
Miss Smith in Latin, and Miss Urner in Math.,  
Put some of us in a state of great wrath.  
So here's to the teachers of old H. P. H. S.  
Who have shown their ability in many a "test" (written test).  
And so as they journey on through life,  
May they never encounter storms or strife,  
But always remember, where ever they be,  
The happy days spent in old H. P.

## Statistics

*Most Typical Senior*.....JEANETTE QUARLES  
*Most Typical Junior*....MARGARET HUTCHISON  
*Most Typical Soph*.....NORMA PALMORE  
*Most Typical Fresh*.....RAY DOUBLES  
*Hardest Student*.....KATIE MAY DAVIS  
*Biggest Grumbler*.....JAMES HARRIS  
*Slangiest*.....WILLIE TILLER  
*Biggest Loafer*.....LOUIS SCHWEICKERT  
*Laziest*.....BERNARD CHEATHAM  
*Biggest Flirt*.....LUCILE REDWOOD  
*Biggest Eater*.....HAMPDEN WINGFIELD  
*Best Boy Basketball Player*....OLLIE DEVINE  
*Best Girl Basketball Player*...HATTIE HOWELL  
*Best Baseball Player*.....ROBERT TYSON  
*Best Literary Worker*.....LEO TYSON  
*Favorite Author*.....SHAKESPEARE  
*Wittiest*.....LINDEN HARRISON  
*Biggest Laughter*.....NANCY SPOTTS  
*Biggest Talker*.....WILLIE TILLER  
*Favorite Study*.....HISTORY  
*Merriest*.....HATTIE HOWELL  
*Most Lovable*.....LOUISE GRIGG  
*Quietest*.....EULA GARY  
*Most Dignified*.....ELSIE STOVALL





## Classical Baseball Game

A FEW days ago an interesting game of ball was played on the Elysian fields beyond the Styx between the Poets and 'Prose writers. From start to finish the game was hotly contested, many brilliant plays being pulled off, much to the amusement of a large group of Immortals. Dickens and Thackery comprised the battery for the "Prosists," while Shakespeare and Milton did the heavy work for the Poets. Both pitchers performed in their best style, and up until the eighth inning the frames were blank. The Poets played with great rythm, while the unity and emphasis of the Prosists stood them in great stead.

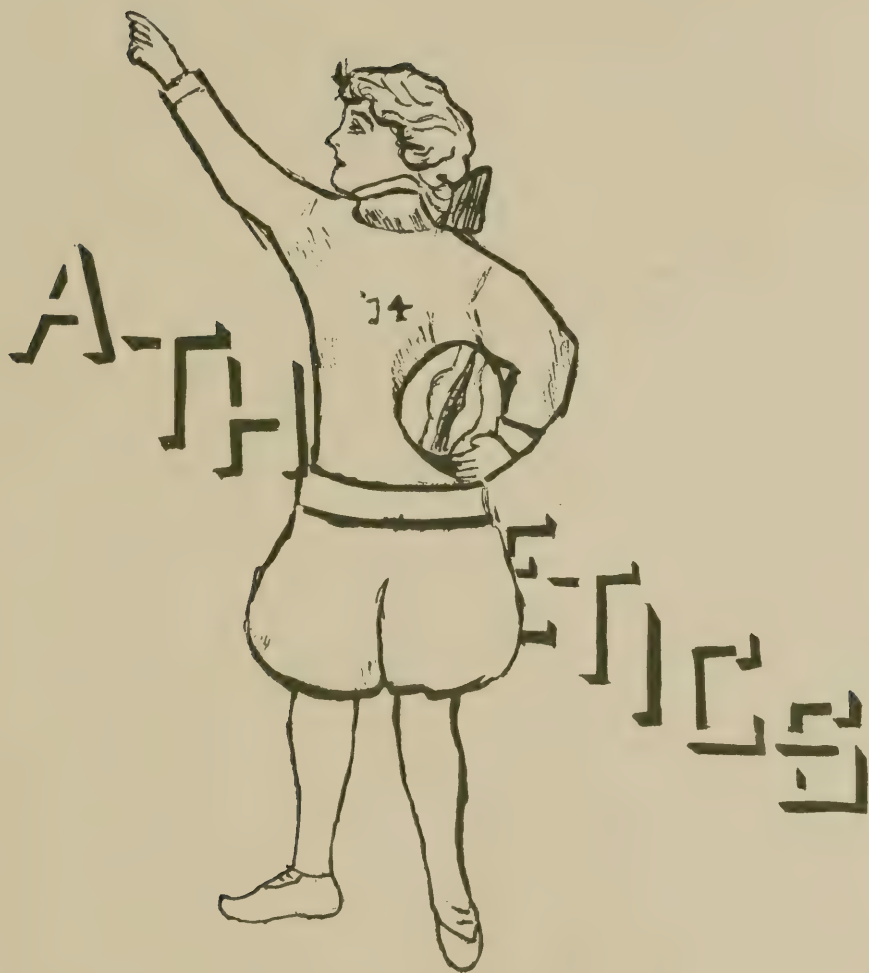
Several discussions ensued; one notable one being the protest of the Poets over the pitching of Dickens. They claimed that he used a comma before the ball ungrammatically, but this dispute was finally settled. In the fourth Pippa Passes, and everyone stopped to see her, but after a period of rest the game was resumed.

Sir Roger de Coverly rooted vigorously for the Prosists, and implored Longfellow to Steele second. After watching Shakespeare for a while, he remarked, "Great Scott, how he Burns them over!" The Spectator was with him, but he didn't have much to say, although he took in all that was going on.

In between the seventh and eighth, Shakespeare took a drink out of the Lethe and forgot what was going on, and had to be replaced by Cowper, who took up the Task in his place. Dickens was knocked out of the box shortly afterwards and Bacon essayed to pitch in his stead.

In the eighth, after several hits, Shelly went up in the air completely, and had to be replaced by Keats. The Prosists bunched their hits and won out in this round. After the game Milton remarked, when leaving, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new." Immediately after the game George Eliot tried to make a speech on Woman's Suffrage, but everyone cried "Cæsar," so she beat it.







## Athletics

THE HIGHLAND PARK HIGH SCHOOL proved it's right to the place on the map in athletics during the seasons of 1913-'14 by putting teams in the field that won out in every department. First, the Girls' Basketball Team made a most enviable record. They easily won High School Championship of Richmond and vicinity by going through the whole schedule without a defeat. No one person on this team outshone her teammates; they all may be compared with parts of a well-constructed machine that works together for the common good of the whole and do not try to shine more brightly than the rest. The fairer sex have had winning teams in previous years, but never one that could be classed in with this year's offering.

Next the Boys' Basketball Team—although this is the first team they have ever put on the field, and therefore have no records to back them—made a truly good record for the first trial, being on the big side of seven out of nine games. Harold Ratcliffe's guarding was the chief factor in all the games that were played, his splendid defensive work being the cause of many would-be large scores held down. Highland Park's boys have some good material, and it is only fair precaution to bid all hopeful aspirants for the Boys' Basketball Championship to look out for the Highland Park High School team.

Lastly, the baseball team is putting in its bid for fame by winning all the games that have been played to date.



## Girls' Basketball Team

BESSIE CROSS, HATTIE HOWELL.....	<i>Forwards</i>
JANIE BURTON, ESTHER WILKINSON.....	<i>Side Centers</i>
MARGUERITE BAHKE (Captain).....	<i>Center</i>
LORINE WHITLOCK, RUTH WYATT.....	<i>Guards</i>
VICTORIA HOLLADAY.....	<i>Substitute</i>
MR. MILES.....	<i>Coach</i>

### Scores of Girls' Team

Highland Park, 62; Chimborazo, 2.  
 Highland Park, 8; Highland Springs, 31.  
 Highland Park, 14; Chester, 6.  
 Highland Park, 33; Petersburg, 1.  
 Highland Park, 31; Barton Heights, 3.  
 Highland Park, 13; Barton Heights, 6.  
 Highland Park, 15; Barton Heights, 11.  
 Highland Park, 10; Highland Springs, 10.  
 Highland Park, 28; Barton Heights, 14.  
 Highland Park, 20; John Marshall High, 5.  
 Highland Park, 18; Y. W. C. A., 8.  
 Highland Park, 39; Barton Heights, 12.  
 Highland Park, 8; John Marshall High, 7.



## Boys' Basketball Team

OLLIE DEVINE, HAMPDEN WINGFIELD.....	<i>Forwards</i>
LEO TYSON (Captain).....	<i>Center</i>
HAROLD RATCLIFFE, ROBERT TYSON.....	<i>Guards</i>

### Scores of Boys' Team

Highland Park, 10; Chimborazo, 4.  
 Highland Park, 2; Chimborazo (forfeited).  
 Highland Park, 25; Barton Heights, 6.  
 Highland Park, 23; Barton Heights, 4.  
 Highland Park, 16; Chester, 15.  
 Highland Park, 31; McGill's Union (2nd), 29.  
 Highland Park, 13; Chester, 20.  
 Highland Park, 14; Benedictine, 6.  
 Highland Park, 8; John Marshall High, 46.







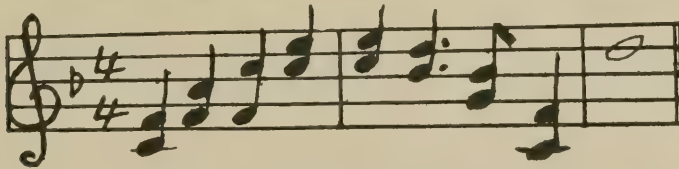
## Care Free Club

*Motto:* Ish gebibble.

*Favorite Song:* "I'm going crazy, don't you want to go along."

*Favorite Flower:* Daffodil.

<i>Sleepiest.....</i>	KATIE MAY DAVIS
<i>Laziest.....</i>	MARGUERITE BAHKE
<i>Most Childish.....</i>	ESTHER WILKINSON
<i>Chief Loafer.....</i>	JEANETTE QUARLES
<i>Most Care Free.....</i>	HATTIE HOWELL
<i>Biggest Laughter.....</i>	LOUISE GRIGG



## The Able Septette

*Favorite Song:* "We won't get home until morning."

*Favorite Flower:* Bluebell.

### MEMBERS

EULA GARY.....	<i>Horr-able</i>
RUTH WYATT.....	<i>Terr-able</i>
BESSIE CROSS.....	<i>Miser-able</i>
RUTH HUDSON.....	<i>Lov-able</i>
BLANCHE BURNETTE.....	<i>Laugh-able</i>
ELIZABETH SPOTTS.....	<i>Talk-able</i>
MARGUERITE HUTCHISON.....	<i>Un-bear-able</i>



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MARGARET PHILLIPS  
NANCY SPOTTS  
RUTH HOLT  
EMILY BOGGS  
LUCY EUBANK

ALLIE MAE LYNE  
LORINE WHITLOCK  
NORMA PALMORE  
VICTORIA HOLLADAY  
MAMIE FLEMING  
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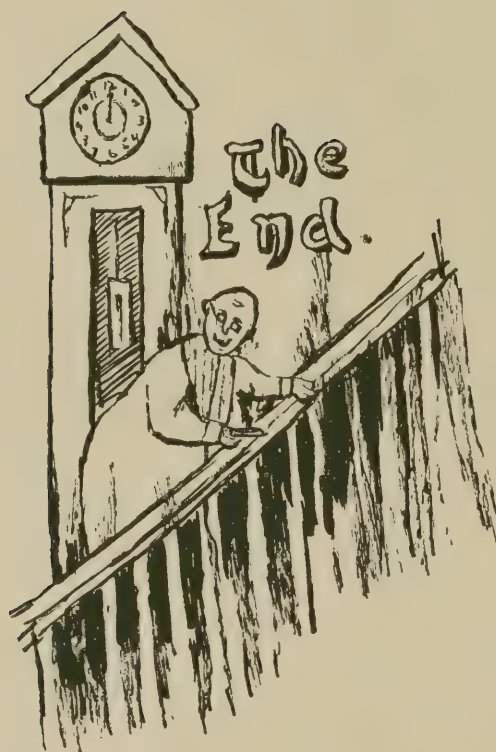




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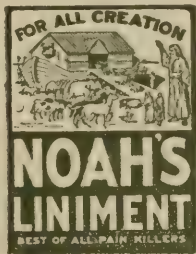
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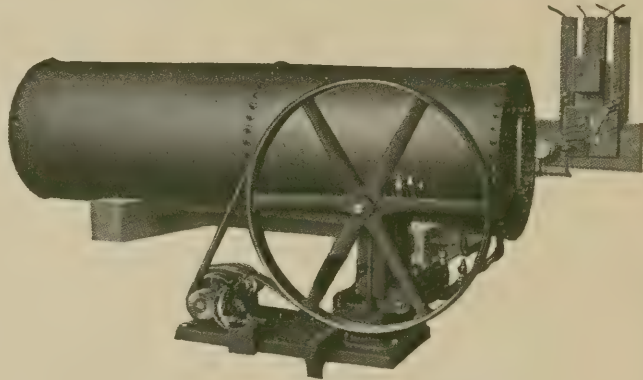
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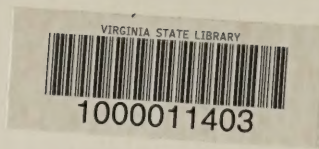
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